

MILLIONAIRE HERMIT DYING IN MANSION

HAND INVITES PUBLIC TO BRANDT HEARINGS

WEATHER—Unsettled to-night and Sunday; warmer.

FINAL
EDITION.

The



World.

FINAL
EDITION.

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MISSING BRANDT LETTER WILL BE MADE PUBLIC IF GANS CAN TESTIFY

Banker Schiff and His Counsel
Demand Open Hearing
of Their Evidence.

MAY GO BEFORE HAND.

Want no Immunity, Lawyer
Says, and Accuses Whit-
man of Obstructing.

The insistence of Howard Gans, counsel for Mortimer L. Schiff, whose activity earned Brandt, the Schiff burglar, a thirty year prison sentence, for an opportunity to testify before some public tribunal forced District-Attorney Whitman to an open position of keeping Gans away from any opportunity to claim immunity for himself or for Mr. Schiff. In pursuance of his determination to prevent Gans or Schiff from making statements that might be set up later as a bar to any action that the authorities might take the District-Attorney is prepared to invoke all the powers of his office.

Mr. Whitman has been informed that Mr. Gans and Mr. Schiff will demand the right to appear as witnesses in the inquiry to be begun on Tuesday before Judge Hand, Gov. Dix's special commissioner. While it does not appear that any testimony they might give in the Hand inquiry would be set up as an immunity plea, the District-Attorney, who will be represented at the inquiry, will take steps to keep both Mr. Gans and Mr. Schiff out of it. JUDGE HAND INVITES PUBLIC TO ATTEND HEARINGS.

Judge Hand announced this afternoon the date and place of the first of the hearings. In a statement Mr. Hand said:

Having been appointed by His Excellency the Governor of this State to conduct hearings in all matters pertaining to an application by Foulke Engel Brandt for executive clemency, and the large hearing room in the Public Service Commission for the first District, in the Tribune Building in this city, having been tendered for this purpose, through the courtesy of the Hon. W. R. Wilcox, chairman of that commission, I do hereby give notice to all concerned that I will open such hearings in the said room on Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 11 A. M., and that the hearings before me will be public.

Dated at New York, Feb. 17, 1912. (Signed) RICHARD L. HAND, GANS DEMANDS CHANCE TO TELL TRUTH PUBLICLY.

Mr. Gans was pressed to-day to make explanations of the various facts which have been brought out in the Grand Jury investigation. He refused to amplify on the following statements: "I have nothing to say at the present time. What I have to say I hope to tell in a public inquiry where, for the first time, the truth with regard to this whole matter can be made clear."

"In view of the suggestion appearing in a morning newspaper that by testifying before a Commissioner, I could acquire immunity from something, I refuse, as to this investigation, what I have written to the District-Attorney as to the Grand Jury investigation, that I have no need of immunity, that I do not desire it, and that I would not accept it. What I do need and want is that all the facts shall be brought out in a public inquiry and the whole truth made plain."

"Mr. Schiff's attitude and mine are identical."

From a source of information close to Mr. Gans it was learned to-day that he has turned over to the District-Attorney three of the letters signed in the effects of Brandt by Mr. Schiff. Mr. Schiff has the fourth letter and has refused to give it up, but Mr. Gans, it is understood, has offered the District-Attorney, through his counsel, DeLaney Nick, to produce a true copy of it.

The three letters in the possession of the District-Attorney were written to Brandt by one of little education. They are in broken English and were evidently penned by a female servant in some household in this city—presumably the Schiff household.

The fourth letter, now in the possession of Mr. Schiff, is the following:

POPULAR COMEDIAN,
WHITE RATS' FOUNDER,
WHO IS DEAD IN WEST.



GEORGE F. GOLDEN,
President "White Rats."

GEORGE F. GOLDEN, MAN OF LAUGHTER, DIES AS HE LIVED

Final Curtain Falls in West on
Life of Comedian Who
Smiled to the Last.

A dispatch to The Evening World from Los Angeles, Cal., announces the death there to-day of George Fuller Golden, the comedian. Mr. Golden was a sufferer from tuberculosis and had lived in the shadow of death for the past three or four years.

Among the monologists known to vaudeville lovers of the United States, George Fuller Golden was one of the leaders. He was not only a humorist, but a man of ideas and initiative. His mind conceived and his energy formed the White Rats of America, an organization of vaudeville performers that has worked great and enduring reforms in his profession.

When Mr. Golden first became infected with tuberculosis, he located in the Adirondacks and lived a little humorous periodical. Although he knew he was doomed, his cheerful disposition was never overcast. He remained bright and cheerful to the last. He was popular not only with his associates, but with the public and will be mourned by thousands who have laughed at his quaint witlings.

Mr. Golden was born in Michigan, in 1868. He will probably be buried at Los Angeles.

MINISTER REFUSES TO MARRY DIVORCEES.

Mrs. Bailey and Paul Lacroix of
New York Turned Away by
Philadelphia Parson.

(Special to The Evening World.) PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 17.—After getting a marriage license at City Hall to-day, Mrs. Susie P. Bailey, twenty-five years old, of No. 250 West Seventy-fifth street, New York City, and Paul Lacroix, thirty-one years old, said to be a wealthy importer of Paris, who has a residence at No. 222 West Eighty-fifth street, New York, were unable to find a minister willing to perform the ceremony. Both have been divorced, and a clause in the divorce of Lacroix forbids his marrying during the life of his former wife.

The couple arrived here shortly before noon and hurried to City Hall. They were given the name of the Rev. Dr. D. Stuart Moore, pastor of Scots Presbyterian Church. When he refused to marry them they left to seek a willing minister.

ALMANAC FOR TO-DAY.
Sun rises, 6:52; sets, 5:37; Moon sets, 1:10.

THE TIDES.
High Water, 7:00; Low Water, 1:10.
Sandy Hook, 7:00; 1:10.
Governor's Island, 7:00; 1:10.
Hell Gate, 7:00; 1:10.

NEW AUTO HOLDUP DAZES POLICE ON HUNT FOR BANDITS

Gem Dealer Struck Down
Near Tiffany's and Robbed
of \$10,000 in Diamonds.

THIRD WITHIN A WEEK.

No Clue Yet to Men Who
Stole Bank's \$25,000 in
Attack on Taxicab.

The Police Department of New York is completely dazed by the series of highway robberies that have taken place in the last few days. All the ablest men in the department are at work to-day, but there is no tangible clue to the robbers whose acts have destroyed the city's sense of security. Not a day passes now but some one is held up, slugged and robbed. It is not one case that confronts the police, but a dozen.

When the department was prepared to-day to continue its search for the daring thieves it was brought face to face with another crime of like character, the robbery of \$10,000 worth of gems from George H. North, who was beaten and robbed in West Thirty-fifth street last evening. North is a diamond merchant of No. 45 John street. The men who robbed him escaped in a motor car.

The fact that the diamond man was blackjacked and robbed in the center of the fashionable shopping district of the uptown section while taking a walk around the block that carried him past the Waldorf-Astoria, within 100 feet of Tiffany's, past the Knickerbocker Trust Company, along a block of Fifth avenue that is the very center of fashion's profusion, and then back through a street of famous restaurants, added to the amazing daring of the latest chapter of the city's crime story.

While this new robbery stunned the already panic-stricken Police Department, scores of detectives worked vainly to find who had robbed Irving Beckerman, the bookkeeper of the United States Rain Coat Company, as he came from the German National Bank at Great Jones street and the Bowery Saturday, and looted unwarded in an effort to unearth the robbers who stole \$25,000 from messengers of the East River National Bank Thursday as they came through Church street in a taxicab.

The two men caught in the police drag net slipped out of it to-day, at least so far as the taxicab robberies are concerned. Charles Rosset and the East River National Bank Thursday as they came through Church street in a taxicab.

As Rosset was leaving the courtroom he had an argument with one of the attendants about removing his hat and Magistrate O'Connor sent him to the workhouse for five days for disorderly conduct. As Detective Farley has been anxious to keep Rosset in custody on the robbery charge, his detention on the island will prove effective in that matter.

Sobel followed Rosset before Magistrate O'Connor. He had been identified by Harold Peck, who gave two addresses, one in First avenue and one in Second, as the driver of a large black automobile which was going along the Bowery near Great Jones street at the time of the attack upon Beckerman. But the Magistrate did not think this sufficient evidence on which to hold Sobel and he was discharged. So now the police are just where they were when the crime was committed.

Herb, latest victim of the taxicab robber band, must have been spotted by the advance men of the thieves. It is known that men of good appearance, who do not take part in the actual commission of such crimes, are sent out to

(Continued on Second Page.)

Aviator Coffyn at One of His Stunts; Flies With Passenger Over Ferryboat



MRS. GOOD'S GOODS FOUND ON MARY BY NOBLE MR. NOBLE

Cop Is Detective, Despite Uniform, and He Recovers Pilfered—Ahem!—Corsets.

Mrs. Anna Good knows, now, that you can't always tell whether a policeman is a detective or not because he wears a uniform.

Mrs. Good lives at the Hotel Plymouth, No. 37 West Thirty-eighth street. Last night, and asked for a couple of inspectors and eight or ten detectives to investigate a robbery. Headquarters passed the message along to the Detective Bureau of the West Thirty-seventh street station.

All the detectives were out sleuthing on a \$10,000 jewelry holdup, but Mrs. Good had been so insistent that Patrolman Samuel Noble was sent around to see her. Mrs. Good was not pleased when the man in uniform was ushered into her presence.

"Where is Inspector Hughes?" asked Mrs. Good. "I asked expressly for him. I think I should at least have Martin Sheridan, because this is a case calling for a regular Sherlock Holmes. If nothing is not done, I shall write to Mr. Sheehan, the Commissioner's secretary."

"What did you lose?" asked the abashed Noble.

"One bottle of cologne, a pair of corsets, two pairs of gloves, four pairs of silk stockings, a can of cold cream, a switch and a bottle of shoe polish," replied Mrs. Good.

"I don't get you on that switch," said Noble.

"A switch is a piece of hair—false hair," Mrs. Good informed the cop. "It is the same color as mine, and I use it to pin my hat to."

Noble wandered forth to investigate. As he walked down the hall he met a chambermaid, who appeared to be trying to dodge him. He noticed the chambermaid's hair was not harmonious. It was in two colors, black and Titan.

The chambermaid skipped up a stairway and Noble got a flash at her ankles. She had on silk stockings.

"Ana," said Noble to himself. "A chambermaid with silk stockings and inharmonious hair. This calls for action."

He skipped up after the chambermaid and questioned her. She admitted she had on Mrs. Good's false hair. At the station house the matron discovered she also had on Mrs. Good's corsets and two pairs of Mrs. Good's silk stockings. Then the girl, Mary White, confessed she had stolen Mrs. Good's property, and told where the rest of it could be found.

Mary was arraigned in West Side Police Court to-day, charged with grand larceny. Magistrate Barlow held her in \$300 bail for trial.

All of which would seem to indicate that many a detective heart beats beneath a patrolman's blue uniform and brass buttons.

CHINATOWN BEGINS TO CELEBRATE ITS LAST NEW YEAR

Old Calendar Will be Abandoned Now That Republic Is a Sure Thing.

Our fellow citizens of Chinatown have laid aside their pistols to-day to celebrate the last Chinese New Year. The advent of a republican form of government in China has done away with the old Chinese calendar and hereafter the reckoning of time will be according to the Gregorian calendar.

Accordingly, to-day's celebration of the Chinese New Year is some celebration, being as it marks the departure from history of the old Tong fasts. In a way the celebration of this year is scattered and disorganized because there is no absolute power in Chinatown to take charge of affairs.

Every Chinaman with a habitation in Chinatown is keeping open house this afternoon and evening—some of them, however, are keeping close watch upon all who approach, for even the celebration of a feast day may not deter a reopening of the old Tong feuds. In a way the celebration of this year is scattered and disorganized because there is no absolute power in Chinatown to take charge of affairs.

Mock Duck, who knows a lot about how to bring about things on a big scale, is little disposed to activity in connection with the feast, for he is under bond in a serious case. Chin Sam is also a victim of business reverses and Boston Charlie is in jail.

As for old Tom Lee, the Mayor of Chinatown, he has been outside the portals of the Joss house at No. 15 Mott street for nearly three years. It is his firm belief that if he steps into the street he will immediately become the receptacle for a bullet or, maybe several bullets. However, he will receive such friends as are pestered by a trusty body guard and permit themselves to be tricked for allies.

On Jan. 1, 1912, the Chinese of this land and the world will celebrate on the Christian New Year. The march of progress was a long time reaching China, but it has reached there with great force at last and it can't be held back. It is now a question of time that the Chinese population cheerfully kiss good-bye to a holiday that was ancient before the Christian era began.

"CYCLONE" THOMPSON PUTS JACK LESTER TO SLEEP.

SYDNEY, Australia, Feb. 17.—"Cyclone" Johnny Thompson, the American middleweight pugilist, to-day knocked out Jack Lester of Cleveland, Washington, in the twentieth round of a match which took place at the stadium before a large concourse of people. Jack Lester was leaving on points when he received the knockout blow.

FOR RACING SEE PAGE 2.

COFFYN GALLOPS HYDRO-AERIALLY ABOUT CITY'S EDGE

Stunts Over and On
River and Bay.

10,000 Spectators See Aviator's
Stunts Over and On
River and Bay.

Frank T. Coffyn called off the big picture-taking aerial excursion he had planned for this afternoon and contented himself with an exercise gallop over the Upper Bay and the lower stretches of the East River.

His hydro-aeroplane was in perfect trim, but the moving picture machine with which he intended to snap hither-to-unattempted bird's-eye views sprang a kink in some of its intricate mechanism and had to be shipped to a camera doctor for repairs.

Coffyn deeply regretted the accident to his camera, as the weather was perfect for wing work. He promised himself, however, that he would try out a few new hell-diver dips in the course of his little practice sprint over the bay.

Coffyn set out on his aerial junkie at 3:30 o'clock and flew in a circle that embraced the islands in the Upper Bay, flying at a height of about 200 feet. He was up 5 minutes and 42 seconds on his first spin, and a few minutes after he came back to the starting place at Pier A, he ascended again, with David A. Murphy as a passenger. During both flights Coffyn electrified the throng of 10,000 watchers at the Battery by making a series of sensational dips and long running dives.

When he came back with his passenger, Coffyn said he would achieve the big stunt to-morrow of flying over the city and taking moving picture views of the houses.

THIS WILL WEAKEN OUR OLYMPIC TEAM.

American Sprinter Craig Says He
Can't Spare Time to Make
Trip to Stockholm.

DETROIT, Mich., Feb. 17.—Ralph Craig, the famous sprinter of the University of Michigan, announced to-day that he would not compete with the American team at the Olympic games at Stockholm next summer. Craig was expected to score heavily in the 100 and 200 metre dashes. He declared that he cannot leave his position for the length of time that training and the trip require.

GAYNOR OFF TO SEASIDE.
Goes to Atlantic City for a Ten
Day Sojourn.

Mayor Gaynor, who has been under the weather from grip a week and has been absent from the City Hall, journeyed from his Brooklyn home to the Pennsylvania Terminal to-day in his big limousine car, which was laden with many grips and boxes.

He took a train for Atlantic City and said he meant to stay by the sea for at least ten days or until he felt himself again.

"HOUSE OF MYSTERY" HERMIT FOUND DYING AMID HEAPS OF GOLD

Thousands in Notes Strown on Floors
and Coins Fill Kegs in Sealed
Brooklyn Mansion of
Millionaire Haslett.

HOME CLOSED 25 YEARS
OPENED BY AN ACCIDENT.

Recluse, Injured by Fall and Frost,
Calls Physician to His One-
Room Squalid Den

Samuel E. Haslett, the hermit millionaire of Brooklyn, is dying in his "house of mystery" at No. 138 Remsen street, and the fact that he is dying has opened for the first time in twenty-five years the mansion he occupied alone and revealed an amazing condition of filth and dilapidation.

The magnificently furnished house was two inches thick with dust and \$10,000 in currency littered the floor was swept into corners or lay under thick filaments of dust in the hallways. There were two bushels of unopened mail overflowing from antique brass jardinières, and letters and parcels were tossed and heaped everywhere and then never disturbed.

There were boxes and kegs of gold and silver coins and there were thousands of richly bound books that had never been opened, heaping the various rooms in the great dismal dwelling.

SPLENDID HOUSE SEALED UP TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

It was not by the will of aged Mr. Haslett that the doors of his home were opened to the outside world. After his wife was burned to death, twenty-five years ago, he sealed himself up in his palatial home and from that day until last Tuesday night no foot other than his own ever stepped inside of it.

On Tuesday night he went to the home of his lawyer, John B. Lord, at No. 180 Montague street, to consult with him about the estate of his sister, Mrs. Mary Sullivan Haslett, who had died Feb. 3 at Cornwall, N. Y. Miss Haslett had left him her great fortune and another "house of mystery," at Clinton and Jerusalem streets, Brooklyn.

In all the years he looked after his affairs Mr. Lord had never been allowed to enter the Haslett mansion. Mr. Haslett went to him either at his home or to the office. On Tuesday night the old man was only lightly clad and he suffered from the cold. Both his feet froze and he tumbled unconscious into the doorway of Mr. Lord's home.

ACCIDENT REVEALS SECRETS TO PHYSICIANS AND NURSES.

It was through this accident that the Remsen street mansion was opened by others than the owner. The moment the physicians and nurses, who had been summoned, stepped into the place they almost swooned from the stifling atmosphere that rushed out to meet them. It seemed as if the house had never been opened and the dust rose from the floors in clouds that filled the nostrils and lungs.

The gas was not turned on and the little party of invaders had to light their way with candles. Passing through the great fifth-floor rooms, they found a large chamber on the third floor, in which the millionaire hermit had sealed himself as if in a cave for the last quarter of a century. It was the only room, it seemed, that he had not foot in after the body of his wife had been carried to the cemetery.

After exploring the interior of the mildewed and dust-heaped interior of the mansion it was decided to assign the task of cleaning it to a vacuum cleaning concern, and before this was done it was necessary to go through the rooms with a rake and collect the coin and bills that were scattered everywhere. In some of the dust heaps were found bonds and certificates of stock, bundles of letters and time-yellowed manuscripts.

WIFE'S TRAGIC DEATH MADE HASLETT A HERMIT.

The tragedy that determined Samuel Haslett to turn hermit and seal the world occurred one summer day twenty-five years ago. Mrs. Haslett was cleaning a pair of gloves with